THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RICHARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1550.

Choice Poetry.

SECRETS.

I've a secret in my heart, and I can tell it unto none;
But I may it softly to myself when I am all alone.
It cometh in my hours like the coolness of a river,
All its perfume, all its sweetness, from that hidden giver.

And yet I am not joyful; sometimes I worry and fret;
Tis a holy thing that guarding of a sweet, sweet secret.

I can tell it unto no one, and the tears that sometimes start
Are but the faint relief unto an overwhelming heart.

But I whisper it to tiny waves, of fresh and lovely-tinted streams,
To forest lipds and flowers, and to angels in my dreams;
And to me no birds' gay carolings a meaning eye assume,
And the flowers and the streamlets tell it all to me of home.

The whole fair world of nature my precious secret knows,
I have told it to the Summer sun and to the Winter snows;
To the luminous earth beneath, and to the holy Heaven above,
I have told my warm enshrinig, and cried—I love, I love!

Ah! there's yet another secret nestled in this heart of mine;
Sweet if come there, life has been to me so happy—so divine!
And yet there is upon my soul no love, thou well-nigh pain.
When first I knew the blessedness that I was loved again!

The world is far more beautiful than ere it used to be;
Surely a change is o'er the earth, or has it come to me?
Is there some music in the air, more brightness in the skies?
Or is the secret in mine heart, the sunshine in mine eyes?

Oh, happy world! oh, happier heart! oh, gracious Heaven that gives,
Such jubilance as this to gild our lowly human lives!
The sun of Love pervadeth all; my spirit with its rays is fraught;
I am dazzled with its brightness—my faint soul dissolved in praise!

ZEYA.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

For them is perfection to decree,
And many and long must the trials be,
Three shall victoriously conquer,
If that brow is true! and those eyes are true.

Virginia had not spoken during the interview. She did not speak during the drive from the church to the hotel. She did not speak even when she found herself alone with Magdalene in the sleeping apartment occupied in common by the two girls. She seemed enwrapped in a mantle of thought, her heart strong, and her tongue locked in silence. She noticed not in the same unbroken silence that Magdalene fixed her eyes and soft smile she lived in the meaning of one person—the happy, eloquent gaze that spoke to her heart through Joseph's eyes, when he knew that she was free. With the morning's vanished the blissful vision and came the reality. She remembered her grandfather's wishes and the world's expectations—and above all, her own implied engagement to Lord Cliffe—and with the slightest confusion of ideas, or doubt, or fear, her head was clear, and her heart was strong, and her line of duty was drawn out bright, clear, unerringly, harmoniously before her. She read the past with the enlightened eye, so true and the future with undazzled ones. She understood perfectly now, the magnanimity, the self-immolation with which Joseph Conroy had chosen to exile and a wanderer for her sake; renounced the hope, love, and home with which he had sought to dervide exile to the cause of God and humanity; and gloried in the courage, energy and determination which she had exercised in the cherishes of colonial responsibility, and achieved success. And now for her own part—I repeat it—her heart was clear, her duty was plain, and the line of life and action drawn out clearly, brightly, harmoniously before her.

She joined the family at breakfast, wearing a fresh and joyous countenance, such as she had not worn since her interview with Joseph, and quietly mingled in it silence, soothing the happy thought to the right cause—Joseph Conroy's return—but with characteristic delicacy and gentleness. Helen Harvey with quiet sympathy, Judge Washington with earnestness, Lord Cliffe with anxiety. When breakfast was over, and they had risen from the table, and the Judge was in the act of posting on his grand journey to see, Virginia followed him, laid her hand softly on his arm, and said, gently,

"Father, I want to talk to you alone, somewhere, where I would not be overheard."

He looked down at her serious though happy face, and said, with an air of some anxiety too, "What I return, dear child. I have been summoned in haste to go out on urgent business. When I return, my dear, I will hear you."

And stooping and pressing a kiss upon her brow, he buttoned up his coat, took his hat and stick, and was about to depart, when he was met and arrested by Lord Cliffe, who begged the favor of an interview with Judge Washington, if his consultations with Mr. Conroy should be over. He replied, "I am called in haste to the bedside of my old friend, General Mountjoy, who is dying suddenly ill. When I come back I shall be happy to see you in your own apartment or in mine."

"Permit me to accompany you, Judge Washington, as far as the door of General Mountjoy's house. I can open my business as we walk."

"I do beseech you to excuse me, sir, I am in great haste. When I come back, I shall be at your command," and bowing deeply, the Judge walked forth. He had not perceived her, however, when he met Mr. Carey walking arm in arm with the Honorable Mr. ——, who, though less than a rising star, was yet one of the most eminent men of his day. Bowing and accosting himself, Mr. Carey took a moment's leave of his distinguished companion, and turning with Judge Washington, he said,

"My dear sir, can you grant me the favor of an interview this morning, at your earliest convenient hour?"

"Hemph! my dear Joseph, a Prime Minister or a Royal favorite, could not be more in demand than I am this morning! I have already three appointments. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner. After that I am at your service. Good-morning, sir!"

"Pardon me, I was on my way to your lodgings. Have I your permission to call on Miss Washington this day?"

"Ay! go, Joseph! Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir," replied Mr. Carey, bowing, and quickening his steps to rejoin Mr. M——.

Joseph Carey-Mann by with his companion, and they walked together until they came in front of the Richmond Hotel, when parting, the latter walked on, and the former entered the house. He found Virginia alone in the private parlor. Lord Cliffe had left the house soon after Judge Washington. Helen Harvey was lying down with a slight indisposition.

Reader, I shall not intrude upon the reunion of these long separated friends. Let it suffice to say that Joseph passed an hour with Virginia alone in the parlor—that then they parted until five o'clock—for tumbling on the neck by a smiling woman—he leaving the house with a happy air and elastic step. Observe! A few paces from the door he met Judge Washington entering the house; he bowed, smilingly renewed his promise to call with the Judge, and went on. A little further on he encountered Lord Cliffe returning. The gentlemen silently touched their hats in passing—glad not all—except Lord Cliffe, who used his steps and overtook the Judge just as he had reached the door, and they entered the house together. Judge Washington expressed his readiness to receive Lord Cliffe in his own apartment, and the two gentlemen proceeded thither together. Lord Cliffe's business with the Judge was to entreat him to urge his grand-daughter to an early day, and every early day for their marriage. He did not wish, he s—l, unduly to hasten the lady or her friends, but that early the happiest day was more than enough to exhaust the patience of a far more patient suitor than himself. He did not wish to separate the only child from her aged parent—he only wished to secure her, and her whole fortune so, would be quite willing to pass the first year of their marriage in America and in England, alternate years in America and in England, hoping that the Judge would always accompany them to the latter country. The Judge bowed in reply to this speech, and said that he would speak to Virginia—would urge his wishes and wishes, backing them with his own earnest desires, but that there was no reason—none—he would not, and should not, coerce her will in the matter.

And so the interview terminated. And the Judge, remembering his promise to Virginia, rang the bell and ordered her presence. Virginia entered the room with a book in her hand and her thumb in it. She came in, and drawing a chair forward sat by the Judge's side, and looking down at his feet, and laying the book upon one to lessen, with her hands resting upon its pages, seemed her self ready, in all the composure of serious archness, if I may be allowed the term.

"Well, Virginia, my child, I have sent for you not only to accommodate my promise to my old friend Lord Cliffe, but also to ascertain if you have any objection to name an early day for your marriage.

"Now, was it not in relation to this marriage that you came to speak to me, my dear?"

"Yes, dear grandfather, it was—and to tell you that I have myself no wish to be wrong to any one—but for Lord Cliffe to go on any longer under the influence of an error."

"What is that, my dear Virginia?"

"To permit Lord Cliffe to devote any more of his time and attention to one who can never be his wife!"

"My child, you shock and grieve me beyond measure!" exclaimed the Judge, with a look of sorrow and amazement.

"My dear and honored grandfather, I very much regret that it is so—but believe me it is my conviction, dear sir, and you will not blame me. Incur me quite out, and I am sure you will not. Lord Cliffe cannot always be deceived!"

"Go on!"

"Dear grandfather, please to try and remember what happened little more than a year ago. When you first mentioned this subject of my marriage with Lord Cliffe to me, I told you I was not where I loved better than all the rest of the world put together. And when, notwithstanding that, you urged me to accept the offer of Lord Cliffe's addresses, I consented to do so, only because I was in all candor, of that affection of which I had first told you. He only smiled, entreating files and opportunity for trying to win the first place in my heart. Bound by your wishes and my own promise to you, I agreed to that. I have kept my promise. For more than a year Lord Cliffe has had every opportunity of illusive society, and I have given him every opportunity, and I have tried with all my heart to love for your sake. In vain! for I have found him even a little more than I did last year, yet 'tis but a few shades—a mere infinitesimal habit one association, and which I already feel for my person at any stage—not positively disagreeable to me, but which I never can, for any length of time, and not the least degraded upon or cement into—that love which I have felt, and do feel for my father, my whole opinion of Lord Cliffe. I will tell you the various impressions he has made upon me at various times, and the last upon me at my final idea of him. When I first saw my cousin, and during the first winter of our acquaintance, my impression of him was very unfavorable—that unfavorable impression was effaced by our closer association. I became fond of the fascinations of his manners, and the splendor of his talents, which even dazzled and bewildered me sometimes. I admired his more brilliant acquaintance, however, familiarized me with those adventurous accomplishments, and depicted with such vivid coloring the scenes of his travels and adventures, that I thought I held one as familiar as myself. Then I was for a long

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL [illegible]

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

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Miscellaneous.

CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES.

THE GREENLANDERS.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

Clippings.

ADDITIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

THAT CARD.

RAP! RAP!

AID TO KOSSUTH.

AMUSING.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE TORTURE.

AN ELOPEMENT.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN VERSE.

GEORGE PHARAOH.

BLUE STONE.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

PIANO PLAYING.

in all justice to become a good pianist—for we are afraid he would not have time left to become a good anything else. We would not recommend any one who has not a great gift, and thus been peculiarly called as it were to the vocation, to "persevere" in that manner—and we should think that any one who has a great gift, would not be under the necessity of laboring quite so hard to perfect himself.

PASSPORTS.

Visitors to the London Industrial Exhibition should not forget their passports, as they will find them very useful over the water, where a traveller without a passport is looked upon as a kind of political foundling. Apply early, too, for the Department of State has only a limited number of clerks, and the demand for passports may be almost unlimited.

And one word of advice more to our travelling friends: In case of any revolution occurring while you are abroad, do not try to distinguish yourselves, or you may be extinguished—and "without sufficient cause."

POSTSCRIPT.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the U. S. Mail Steamship Georgia at New York, we have eighteen days later news from San Francisco—the dates being to March 5th.

The steamers California and Columbus, which arrived at Panama from San Francisco, brought down about one million dollars in gold dust.

The Georgia has no gold on freight. The passengers have a considerable amount, but the quantity is unknown.

The California Courier says, an ineffectual effort has been made by the Legislature to elect a United States Senator, to succeed Col. Fremont. When the Convention of the two Houses assembled, the prominent Whig candidates were Messrs. T. Butler King and Wethered; and Mr. Heydenfeldt and Col. Fremont the prominent Democratic candidates. Mr. Wethered's friends soon abandoned the field, and the contest thus became narrowed down to the other three candidates named. Nearly one hundred and fifty ballotings were had, when, it appearing impossible to elect, the Convention adjourned until the first of January next.

Mr. King had the highest vote upon the list, but needed throughout six or eight to secure his election. Mr. Heydenfeldt was the favorite of his party, but Colonel Fremont, who commenced with half-a-dozen votes, only crept up gradually until before the Convention adjourned its labors, he polled a vote about equal to that of his Democratic competitor.

On the last day of the Convention, Mr. Heydenfeldt withdrew, and Col. Weller, who was substituted, received a vote equal to the last that had been given to the withdrawing candidate.

A great deal of feeling exists upon the question of the Senatorial election, which will enter largely into the next political campaign.

Business still continues dull.

The miners are doing well throughout the State, and largely increased amounts of gold are expected to be taken out during the coming season.

ELECTIONS.—The Democrats have carried Connecticut.

There is again no choice in the Second and Fourth Districts of Massachusetts. The next trial a plurality determines.

☞ BOGUS GOLD DUST.—A Nantucket gentleman lately bought in San Francisco a lump of California gold, at the rate of $16 an ounce. On sending it to the Mint, it was discovered to be copper, with not enough gold to "pay for its coinage."

☞ In America, wherever a dazzling show of [illegible]

New Publications.

Western Sketches.

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

Miscellaneous.

COST OF GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AN AFFECTING APPEAL.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 8.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE
No. 66 Sansom Street, Philada.
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Blanks, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the interests of Mr. Scott's Northwestern Railroad, we shall publish shorter novelets and shorter stories than the pets of other weekly newspapers. We have never seen one bored, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Long Haul, by T. S. Arthur.

The Return of the Prodigal Son, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Roy" &c.

The Timid Horseman, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Ghost in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Courses of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

THE GREAT FIRE.

Our country readers will remember the great fire in this city in July, 1850. The final reports of the Committee of Relief appointed a few days afterwards, and of Mr. Townsend, have recently been published. The whole amount subscribed was $34,056.77—of which all but $661.50 was contributed by citizens of Philadelphia. This sum was distributed to 764 persons and their business firm, as follows:

54 Applicants received		$1 and under.
50	do.	10 to 25
100	do.	25 to 50
150	do.	50 to 75
140	do.	75 to 100
120	do.	100 to 150
10	do.	150 to 200
1 Business Firm received		$200

"Persons who had their whole property destroyed, or were possessed of real estate, were excluded from the benefit of the funds, even though they might have considered it quite accept in one or two particular cases; nor was it possible with the amount contributed to do more than to pay a small proportion of the actual loss in any case. In those cases where the loss fell on the means of support, and the amount was small, the per centage was the largest, and distributed as the amount of loss sustained."

We take pleasure in copying from the Report of the Committee the following letter from the Treasurer—knowing, from long acquaintance with him, that Mr. Miller was just the man for the post:

To Daniel L. Miller, Jr., the Treasurer, the Committee and the Public owe much for his untiring industry and energy, and for the promptness of the duties assigned him. These duties were numerous and complicated, and the whole Committee would in duty minister to their own feelings if they did not express their high testimony to the satisfactory manner in which they have been accomplished.

WASHINGTON.

An English gentleman meets the question whether Washington was not born in England, and takes to knowing it, as a matter of course, in there's sense. The following is also quoted from nature:

If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year 1720, had not been overtaxed in his shooting, or his hunting, good food and warm stabling, I reared to such a size that at this moment, I should be a great lion in the colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustine Washington, and the lion was first unfortunately thrown into company of a lady, who, after admiring the beauty of the creature, said with him in America, and in the year 1732, in Virginia (the arrival mother of George Washington the great.

Washington's biographers state that he was born in "Westmoreland County, Virginia," in 1732—and that his great-grandfather emigrated from England about 1657. In the first page of his "Farewell Address," "And actuated by that fervent love towards it (his country) which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations," &c.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

A gentleman of Covington, Long Island, lately circulated a wife by advertising in a New York paper. He described the kind of wife he'd have, on the day of the marriage, reached the "handsome country residence" (as he had described it), very much to the surprise of the beauty, stunned in a barouche, out-of-the-way place, and very indignant indeed at the whole proceeding. Overwhelmed with mortification, the bride at once determined to back out from the contract. They found shelter in a house in the neighborhood, and without saying what ex-cemented, in which they young lady relinquished all claim and right of dower to any property which the said gentleman might have, with a consent to the part, that the divorce should be valid in all intents and purposes, might be dissolved. The mother and daughter then took the cars and returned to the city. What it is to be helped, gained wisdom from experience.

Selected Articles.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN MOROCCO.

A late letter from Tangier has the following account of a case of capital punishment: In my last, I informed you of the execution of a Jew by the executioner. Another instance of capital punishment here, was attended with the following singular circumstances: A Moor of the name of Sharf, had shot, with a pistol, in the market place of Tangier, a fellow villager, under the influence of intimacy with his wife. The brother of the murdered man, started immediately for Meyuinez, where the Sultan was then residing, and laid the affair of the murderer. The Sultan heard the complaint, ordered the murderer to be put to death, and summoning the plaintiff into his presence, delivered the following decision:

"My son you are commanded to take the life of the murderer of your brother, with the same instrument of death with which he was assassinated, and on the same spot, and at the same hour of day. But," added the Sultan, "why seek not also to be a saviour of souls? Accept the price of blood, which is lawful unto true believers, and we will guarantee you its payment from our Sheriffs treasury. Or, if you please, vengeance shall be the sum."

To this the plaintiff replied: "Can that sum purchase me a brother?"

"On thy way," said the Sultan; "we have heard and understood your answer, and it is pleasing to the viziers, in which our mandate shall be written."

Furnished with the sentence of death, the man returned to Tangier, and proceeded it to the Gate. On the same day of the week, and at the same hour, the murderer was brought out of prison and seated on the very spot where he had taken his fellow villager's life, while a crowd of people attended to witness his death. The pistol was now produced by the executioner to the murderer, who loaded it, went up to the criminal, without shortly raised him, and said:—In the presence of all these people, I call upon you to answer me truly: Didst thou slay my brother?" To this the criminal replied, "I did." On which the multitude now surging forward, addressed the brother of the murdered man: "Accept the price of blood, and be, "and I promise you one hundred cocoa in addition, which those here assembled will gladly give."

"If ye please, words," said the villager; and again he walked around his victim. Again he asked him the same question, and again the latter reply was given. A second offer was now made of two hundred dollars; and again the villager walking around the criminal, repeated the question, adding, "Say what thou believest; I am resolved to take thy life."

"That God is God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God," responded the criminal.

Upon hearing these words uttered, when the pistol was discharged. The muzzle had been placed at the small of the back, having the same direction as the knife, and the shot for whom he was now about to die, but the wretched criminal, although mortally wounded, did not expire for some hours.

☞ A Pretty Kettle of Fish.—Pumpkin Pudding.—What! want to learn your grammar!

Why, I thought you were perfectly minded!"

Cook.—Well, sir, the fact is, I can't spend no more time than I must; for what with a hogg here, and a hogg there, and little bits o' fish for dinner, and the sweet cockchafer and the fried and stewed haddocks, and the buttered lobsterses, and one thing and the other, there's so much cooking that I ain't even time to make up a sea'p'—Punch.

THE POTATO.

In your columns last week I observed an article on the potato, on which I would like to make a few remarks.

Your correspondent believes that he has discovered the cause of the potato disease. He says that he has not, and will proceed to show that his reasoning is unsound.

It is an undoubted fact that potato crop that is known to have had the smallest disease was that which was planted the earliest. Now, as the first is positive to coincident in the Northern parts, and in many parts, and very late, up to the middle of June, it is evident that the disease is not confined to the early crop.

I will not suppose that this was the old original kind, brought over from Peru by Sir Walter Raleigh—because the disease would not be known to—the kind, however, was "old stock." One fine morning in summer I noticed, between the potato rows from this bed. The next morning the stem was withered and dead. I soon found out somewhere of a kind rather new for me, and I was not disappointed. It was a "bread-fruit."

It was soon decided that the "old white" was the "best for roast or boil," and the "yellows" only bread-stuffs" and now kindly could be grown at them. One short week passed away when a "change" occurred" and the top of the "yellow," and was "coarse of the potato not" "grow it up so," for the next season we introduced, from the North of England, a seedling, which, although it was not a very handsome potato, was "good" and certainly now called the "Scotch Seedling," and it was planted by the "bread-fruit."

Some went so far, in their blindness of dogmatism, as to inquire and run from there direct to the "yellows," and whatever one may say, they could find them sold—but it has been all "a go."

So far as the idea of degeneracy when from the assumption that it is "constitutional" is concerned, I would say that it is not in accordance with the general constitution in a philosophy diseases. If the potato were really a race, then it might be philosophical to fancy that it was degenerating, and that it would die out in the course of time. But the potato is not a race, but a species, and has the "nature" of the raspberry, are subject to the labors of the potato—they are buds or vegetable eyes, contained within the soil, all the sediments of a perfect plant—as it contains the germs of the future plant, and which is, therefore, a "natural" means of reproduction. The real seed of the potato is composed and in May, 1850, Pius IX., after an exile of one year and six months, returned to his capital, accompanied by a French army, and re-established the Inquisition in all its former power.

Another Fortress Slave Case in Boston.—Alfred Symons was arrested in Boston on the evening of the 3rd, at a dance-house, as the slave of Mr. James Potter, Chatham County, Georgia. Symons escaped from the service of his master, capitulated to the French, and in May, 1850, Pius IX., after an exile of one year and six months, returned to his capital, accompanied by a French army, and re-established the Inquisition in all its former power.

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General News.

The Inquisition.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Italy, gives the following description of a few of the horrors of the Inquisition:

In Paris I met the American Consul to Rome, who had passed through the entire revolution in the Eternal City, and who described to me many of the horrors of the Inquisition were opened by the destruction of the prisons. The Inquisition for the last time, and the building converted into an asylum for the poor. The Inquisition was established in the year 1542, and was in existence till the year 1850. Here, however, was "old stock." On the first morning in summer I must introduce the French army from this bed. The next morning the stem was withered and dead. The next week I noticed of a kind rather new for me, and I was not disappointed. It was a "bread-fruit."

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POLITICAL NEWS.

Dumb Witness.—Dumb Waiter stole Sterling on the 1st inst., and was received by a joint Committee of the Legislature in the gallery of the State. He made a speech in favor of the Union, and was invited in a magnificent manner.

Kansaction.—Hon. Robert Rantzel, Territorial Secretary for the district of Kansas, has been appointed Governor of the Territorial candidate for Governor by 600 majority.

Fugitive Kansaction.—Mr. Webster.—The New York Herald says it is reported that Mr. Webster is lobbying those Indian claims, caused by over-work at his extensive farm at Marshfield, and that he will shortly retire into private life, in consequence of the failing down of his health.

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Selected Poetry.

THE MARCH OF TIME.

Pictures of Life.

THE GIPSY GIRL:

OR, A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

Wit and Humor.

Selected Articles.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

"April Fool!" "April Fool!" is shouted all over Christendom to-day, (the first of April.) Of all the days in the Calendar, the human imagination is most active on this particular day. Truth is generally considered stranger than fiction, but to-day fiction bewilders truth with the abundance of her resources. All the million tricks of preceding years have grown familiar and stale, and no longer entrap us; each year must invent new stories, and build more intricate fabrics of mischief. One must be wary indeed, if he goes from sunrise to sunset without falling into some skilful snare.

Few persons are aware of the antiquity of this peculiar feature of the day. The old writer, Aulius, who flourished in the second century of our era, speaks of a similar custom among the ancient Greeks. A certain day in the month of April, was devoted to the worship of Mercury, the patron of liars as well as thieves, and he who practised the greatest deception on others, or was most skilful at fibbing, was considered as most favored by the god. This worship, in the natural course of things, was transferred to Rome. It is one of those few customs which, like the Carnival, the celebration of Easter Day, and others, can be traced back for a period of two thousand years.

The late researches in Asiatic literature, have revealed many similar usages in the old and remote races of that continent. A curious work by the late Dr. Narr, of Nirgunda, in Germany, on the History of the Chinese Empire, anterior to the Christian era, contains a passage in reference to an ancient Chinese law, which is strikingly analogous to our first of April celebration. We are indebted to Mr. Nimmand, of this city, for the copy from which we translate:

"Fung-Ho was the second of this (the Hing) dynasty. It is related that in his youth, he was wholly addicted to pleasure, and neglected the business of the Empire in such wise that the government of the provinces fell into unworthy hands, disorders arose and the complete overthrow of the dynasty seemed almost at hand. The ministers of Fung-Ho, among them the wise and venerable Fil-see, expostulated with him in vain. Given up to luxurious excesses, he fell into an apathy which it seemed nothing could arouse. In this dilemma, Fil-See bethought him of a stratagem to arouse the imperial mind. Messengers, carefully trained and clad in soiled garments, ...

DYING TO GET A LIVING.

INSECT MESMERISM.

WEALTH, FAME, LOVE AND TRUTH.

HINTS ABOUT BEDROOMS.

The Riddler.

NAUTICAL ENIGMA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

PROBLEM.

CHARADE.

CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

Agricultural.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HORSE.

The Olio.

SONNET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

For Housekeepers.